



Dennis The MENACE

APPROVED
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10c

No. 16



Dennis THE MENACE



"STOP FEEDING! DIDN'T YOU TELL ME PEOPLE SHOULD BE IN A GOOD MOOD WHEN THEY EAT?"



"DON'T YOUR CAR BRAY OUTSIDE 'TIL THE JUNKMAN GETS HERE NEXT TUESDAY?"



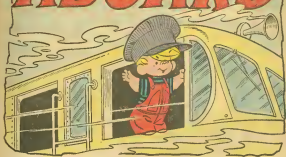
"I DON'T SEE WHY THEY CALL IT **GOOD** FOOD. I LIKE IT."



"WAS DO YOU WALK AROUND BEFORE YA GOT **HED**?"

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ALL ABOARD



Why Henry!
You're home
early!

I've got to pack!
The boss wants
me to go to the
office in Carville
for a couple of
days!

I wanna
go, too!



That would
be a nice trip
for us,
wouldn't it,
Dennis?

For
DS?

Sure!
You
can
come
too,
Dad!





So would you take care of Ruff, Mrs. Wilson? ...Oh, thanks! ...I'll leave the back door open...

They treat you like you was an orphan!

The cab's outside, Alice!



Hurry Dennis! We'll miss the train!



I'll get him...there's one more bag up there!

Can I help ya, Dad?

Yes... by getting downstairs!



Union Station, please, driver!

Is that a bubble gum machine?

SIT BACK, DENNIS!



What kind of reservations did you get?

An upper and a lower berth.

That's the kind I like!

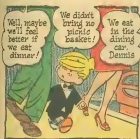
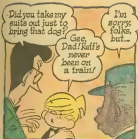


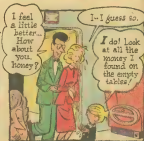
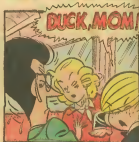
I never realized this bag was so heavy! I'll get a redcap!

Buy ME one too, Dad!









Would you fix up our
bertles? We're getting
off early in the morning.

Yessir!



I wanna
watch
television!

They dont
~~HAVE~~
television
on the
train!

Thank
goodness.



Where are
we going?
Back for
some more
dessert?

No - we're
going to
put on our
pajamas.



How come
he's not
steerin'
the
train?

He's
just
the
conductor.

Hum! ~~JUST~~
the conductor!



What's all
that clicky-
click out
there, Dad?

All I hear
is a lot of
yackety-yak
in *HERE*.

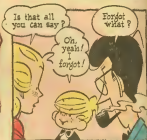


G'night...
.. G'night...
G'night...

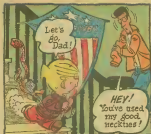


















the WHIRLY- BIRDS



"Yah, yah! I'm a whirlybird!"

It was afternoon recess in the school yard and three or four of the boys in Ken Fowler's class were peering around barns, waving their arms awkwardly.

"Get it out, you guys!" Ken said. "Your Dads would be glad if their phasers went down in the Bay and my Dad rescued them in his helicopter!"

"Whirly-bird, whirly-bird!" they yelled—the derisive name for the helicopter "just an old wind-mill—that's what your Dad flies!"

"Yeah," Ken sneered. "That's better than a blow-truck with wings!" That's how his father humorously described the jet planes at the Air Base.

"Hey! Here come some!" Almost before they could look up, the whirling thunder of a jet-squadron was on them and the jet roared overhead, sleek and swift and powerful. Then there was an explosion that rattled the windows of the school—the shock wave that followed the planes. "Hear that?" one of the boys yelled excitedly. "They're hitting the sound barrier!"

Just then the school bell sounded and everyone ran toward the building for their final classes. Everyone but Ken. He crouched back, scuffing gravel with his feet. He was getting used to being kidded by the sons of jet pilots just because his father flew one of the Rescue Squadron helicopters. What made it worse was that Ken secretly felt they were right. He wished his father were flying a jet, streaking through the air at better than the speed of sound, instead of flapping awkwardly around over the Bay watching fishing boats. And to top it all, his father seemed to enjoy it. You'd think any pilot would want to fly a jet, but not Ken's father. "We all have our jobs to do," he said, "and I like the old whirly-birds."

When Ken got home from school he found his father already there, huzzling lazily to the radio.

"Quiet a minute, Ken," his mother whispered. "This is important!"

and so far no trace of the missing youngster has been found," the announcer was saying. "Search parties combing the rugged Sierra Ross Mountains were joined today by the Helicopter Rescue Squadron from Brooks Air Base, but without success. After three days' exposure in the cold, wet fogs, it is feared that the lost boy will . . ."

Ken's father snapped off the set and turned to Ken with a tired smile. "Hi, Ken! I'm glad you never got lost when we were stranded up over those mountains. That's mighty rough country. We couldn't see a sign of that poor lad all day."

"I almost did get lost up there once, remember?" Ken said. "That was when we were on our Cub Scout overnight hike in the mountains, when I found the secret cave."

"Secret cave?" his father said tensely. "Tell me about that again!"

Well, I just wandered away from camp—I told you all about it. I was trying to find my way back, and I got hungry, and I started to go through some berry bushes, picking berries, and I came to this cave in the side of a cliff. It looked like some place Indians may have lived. Then I found my way back to the rest of the fellows just when it was time to leave."

"I remember that now," his mother said. "George, you don't suppose that lost boy found the cave and . . ."

"It's a good chance!" his father said eagerly. "Ken found it when he was looking for berries and that boy is cold and hungry now. If he's protecting himself from the cold and wet in that cave, it's no wonder we weren't able to spot him from the air!"

Ken's father hurried into the bedroom and came back unfolding some military maps. He spread one out on the floor and pointed to some brown lines running through a green area.

"This must be the cliff where the cave is, isn't it? Is it near this draw? Or near that hill?"

Bar to Ken, the map was just a jumble of lines of different shapes and colors. "Gosh, Dad, I don't know! I haven't got very far with map-reading in the Cubs. I can't tell where it is on the map!"

His father's face went grim. "If only I had some idea, I could please the sheriff up there. There's still plenty of daylight for the search parties. But if we can't tell them exactly where the cave is, they'll never find it by nightfall, not on that count!" This'll mean another night out for that boy and one more night stay . . . Say, wait a moment!

He caught up the phone dialer, and began speaking rapidly in someone he kept calling "Sir." . . . That's right, sir! . . . Right in that same area! . . . No, sir, his Cub Pack kept right after that and none of the other boys ever saw the cave. . . . Yes, sir, I think we worth a try. . . . Right away, if you'll have my copier warmed up!"

He hung up and turned to Ken, "Come on, son, poster coming with me!"

But Ken can't fly with you!" his mother protested.

In this case, he has to. It's our only hope," his father said, pulling on his uniform jacket. "I'll be safe enough, and remember, a boy's life may depend on Ken!"

Ken could hardly believe he was really going to fly with his father as their car whipped through traffic toward the Air Base. But his father said fast, "In an emergency like this, we have to bend the regulations a bit. And think what you'll have to tell the kids of those jet planes at school tomorrow!"

In the excitement, Ken had forgotten all about how he wished his father were a jet pilot. Now he began to realize something of the work his father did, something no jet pilot could possibly do.

As they swept out on the field, Ken could see a copier on the strip with its nose spinning lazily and men waiting by it with his father's flying gear. They jumped out of the car and one of the men began adjusting a perch on Ken while his father talked to a uniformed man with silver epaules on his shoulders.

Then his father boosted him into the plastic-covered cockpit, climbed in beside him, and began working the controls. "Snap back in the car, please," he growled, like a department store elevator operator. The motor behind them roared, the copier vibrated, and the ground seemed to sink away beneath them. Then the Air Field started moving past, and they were on their way.

"Not much like blasting off in a jet, eh?" his father called above the noise of the motor. "In our business, though, we don't want to go fast."

And when, after an hour's climb, they began to approach the green and forbidding mountains, Ken saw the advantage of the unglorified, unadorned whirly-birds. For as the mountains got higher and rougher, his father cut down speed until they were flying slower and lower.

"That's his father said. This should be the one. Look closely now, Ken, and tell me if your hunch was you around here?"

Ken peered anxiously down at the masses of rocks and bushes, the occasional lark meadow and stream. Everything looked different from the air, but thanks to the copier, they were flying so low and so slow, it's Ken had a good chance to look over the ground details. Once or twice they even stopped entirely, hovering motionless over areas spot familiar to him.

"There!" Ken called at last. "That little creek is where we had our camp when I found the cave!"

"Good boy!" his father said. "That's right where we'll start down!"

And slowly, like a big feathering bird, the copier settled in the very same clearing where Ken's Cub Pack had camped.

Outside the helicopter, it took Ken only a moment to remember the direction he had gone off in. He led his father down a twisting stream, then headed off into an area choked with berry bushes. A few moments later, a cliff loomed up in the gathering darkness, and peering some bushes, Ken found the black mouth of the cave!

"Nice going, Ken!" his father said. "Now, let me go in first with the flashlight!" His father pushed ahead into the blackness and in a moment Ken heard a satisfied exclamation from back in the cave. Soon his father came out, carrying the ragged, dirty figure of a sleeping boy of about Ken's age. "Get him!" his father said. "And he's going to be all right! Lead the way back to the copier now, and we'll make the nearest search party to come and get him!"

Back at the copier, sitting by a campfire, Ken's father fed the now-wakened boy the sandwiches and milk he had brought along. "Boy! I feel a lot better now," the lad said. "I'm sure glad you found me!"

"Don't thank me," Ken's father chuckled. "Thank Ken here. It takes a boy to find a boy, I guess. And I'm just a whirly-bird pilot."

"And that's the best job in the world!" Ken told them both proudly.





See? There goes a long one

Can I see "George" take George?

TIMBER!



Sure, Mimi! Go ahead!

Er... GEORGE? I don't think...



Was that loud enough "George George"?

YEAH! Loud enough, so every lumberjack around here will be ducking!



Maybe we should just take a nice quiet walk in the woods

Yes, Mimi.

Are you wild "George" take?



People around here like to have barbecues, huh?

There aren't any neighbors around here, Mimi. And we have to be **VERY** careful with fires.

CREAMY Mimi



THANKS, UNCLE GEORGE!

A young girl in a blue dress is jumping joyfully in the air, with a small dog jumping alongside her.







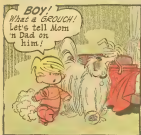
SHORT and SWEET



STATEMENT RECEIVED BY THE CITY OF BOSTON, MASS. ON APRIL 18, 1965, BY THE CITY CLERK, JOHN J. HAYES, THAT THE CITY OF BOSTON HAS RECEIVED FROM THE BOSTON POLICE DEPARTMENT A REPORT THAT ON APRIL 17, 1965, AT APPROXIMATELY 11:00 P.M., A PERSON IDENTIFIED AS DENNIS, WHOSE ADDRESS IS UNKNOWN, TELEPHONED THE CITY CLERK'S OFFICE AND REQUESTED THAT THE CITY OF BOSTON PURCHASE FOR HIM A BANANA AND AN ORANGE AND A BREAD CRUMB. THE CITY CLERK'S OFFICE ADVISED DENNIS THAT HE COULD NOT PURCHASE THE FOOD ITEMS REQUESTED AND THAT HE SHOULD PURCHASE THEM HIMSELF. DENNIS STATED THAT HE WAS HUNGRY AND THAT HE HAD NOT EATEN FOR SEVERAL DAYS. THE CITY CLERK'S OFFICE ADVISED DENNIS THAT HE SHOULD GO TO A NEARBY RESTAURANT OR CAFE TO PURCHASE THE FOOD ITEMS REQUESTED. DENNIS STATED THAT HE DID NOT HAVE ANY MONEY AND THAT HE WAS HOMELESS. THE CITY CLERK'S OFFICE ADVISED DENNIS THAT HE SHOULD GO TO A NEARBY SHELTER OR CHARITY ORGANIZATION FOR ASSISTANCE. DENNIS STATED THAT HE WOULD GO TO A NEARBY SHELTER FOR ASSISTANCE. THE CITY CLERK'S OFFICE ADVISED DENNIS THAT HE SHOULD GO TO A NEARBY SHELTER FOR ASSISTANCE. DENNIS STATED THAT HE WOULD GO TO A NEARBY SHELTER FOR ASSISTANCE. THE CITY CLERK'S OFFICE ADVISED DENNIS THAT HE SHOULD GO TO A NEARBY SHELTER FOR ASSISTANCE. DENNIS STATED THAT HE WOULD GO TO A NEARBY SHELTER FOR ASSISTANCE.

"BY THE DAWN'S EARLY FRIGHT!"









ON YOUR MARK!



Who? *SLIM* Mitchell? I'm sorry, but...

Say, that must be for me, Alice!

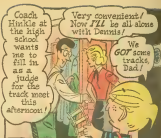


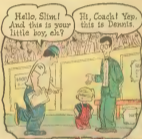
They used to call me Slim in high school, remember?

Yeah! I remember!

Oh, yes... that was about 30 pounds ago, wasn't it?













BOYS' CLUB



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BUILD BETTER MEN

